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be "checked and effectually repressed"? Yes; it is just as possible to abolish war as duelling. And do not "the blood of the murdered, the tears of the bereaved, and the commands of a righteous God, call upon us" to seek its abolition by every lawful means in our power? If we resist such a call, will there not "abide on us much of the guilt" inseparable from the continuance of war?

Strange that men who so justly, so eloquently condemn duelling, should still be blind to the far greater atrocities of war! The press has teemed of late with well-merited denunciations of single combat; but nearly every paragraph, every sentence, every epithet of scorn and reprobation might be transferred to the gigantic system of national duelling, with equal propriety, and augmented force. Put your finger, if you can, upon a single argument against duels, that might not be urged, *mutatis mutandis*, against war.

FRIEND OF PEACE.

INFLUENCE OF WAR ON DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

THE following sketch of war, from the pen of Mr. Goodell, an American missionary at Constantinople, may serve to show what remorseless havoc it makes of domestic relations and hopes. I commend the picture especially to our female friends, and ask if they have no interest in the success of efforts to abolish a custom which laughs at the fond endearments of home, and has filled every age and clime with mourning mothers, and disconsolate sisters, with weeping widows, and desolate orphans:

"An order had just come from Constantinople to Mondania for a hundred Greeks; and, being designed for the sultan's navy, they were particularly sought for among the boatmen. The boatmen of course fled in every direction; and not a boat could be found to take me. The plague was raging in the place; and the miserable coffee-shop where I staid, was filled day and night with filthy, lounging Turks. The impressment of young Greeks was going on; and the mothers and sisters were assembled before the governor's house, weeping and lamenting the fate of their sons and brothers. As I passed by repeatedly, I said unto them, *weep not*; but my sympathy was impotent.

"At length the levy, amounting to forty, was completed; the men were put on board a small vessel for Constantinople; and, fearing there would not soon be another opportunity, I took passage in the same craft. I was on board when the impressed Greeks were brought from prison, pinioned, and chained two together. Their mothers and other female relatives rushed to the water's edge to give them the last embrace. Their cries rent the air. One mother fainted away; another tore the flesh with her teeth off her own arm; another threw herself into the sea, and was pulled out by the soldiers. Some of the prisoners, too, sobbed and wept like children; and others"—a proof of the wildest grief—"danced and sung, while the

tears were streaming down their cheeks. I literally groaned in spirit, and was troubled. I tried to speak some words of comfort; but my voice faltered, and I wept freely.

"On reaching Constantinople, preparations were immediately made for presenting the young men before the Capudan pasha. Whether they were to be kept in the Sultan's service for life; whether they were to receive any adequate pay; whether they would ever be permitted to visit their friends, were questions which none present could answer. One of them was recently married; another was betrothed; one was the son of a priest; and one was 'the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.'"

Such is war the world over. Women of America! look at this picture, and see what war is preparing for yourselves. The parent you revere, the brother you love, the son of your pride and your hopes, the husband of your youth, and father of your little ones, it may yet tear from your fond and clinging embrace, to pine in the camp, and faint in the march, and bleed on the battle-field, and there leave his body to rot like carrion. Do you shudder at the Slave-trade? Here is a parallel to the cruelties of that accursed traffic. Do you pity the crushed and bleeding victims of Southern slavery? Here is the counterpart to its stripes and chains, to its tearing asunder of husbands and wives, of parents and children, to its tears and its blood. Look yet again at the picture, and say if the wives and mothers, the daughters and sisters of America have nothing to do with the cause of peace.

PACIFICUS.

A DEFINITION OF MURDER APPLIED.

THE shrewd editor of the N. Y. Observer, examining Wise's flimsy, cold-blooded vindication of himself before his constituents against the charge of murder for the part he took in the duel, asks, "*Why* is it not murder? *What is* murder? Killing 'with malice aforethought.' *Malice* in law is not that 'animosity' which these duellists disclaimed, but *an intention to kill*. The highwayman who kills the traveller for his purse, has no 'animosity' against his victim; he only wants his money; but he intends to kill him, and that intention is 'malice aforethought,' and therefore the killing is murder. Mr. Cilley, therefore, was murdered."

Very good logic; but, applied to war, it would prove every death to be a murder, and every warrior a murderer in the eye of reason and of God. If "an intention to kill" is the only "malice aforethought" necessary to constitute murder, what shall we say of the wholesale butcheries in war, offensive or defensive? Do not armies always *intend* to kill? Does not every soldier *seek* the life of his enemy? Is he not *required* to kill? Does not every nation, on going to war, design to kill? Does not every kind of war, whether offensive or defensive, consist mainly in killing men? Are not all